

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LI

Published Every Thursday
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1922.

Subscription Price, \$2 a year

NUMBER 2

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

Another Year.

Another year of setting sun,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender bud
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,
Of autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God.

—John W. Chadwick.

Dr. Dickinson's Prescription

Dr. Dickinson dropped an admonitory hand on Harvey Steele's knee. His nearsighted gray eyes looked encouragingly into his patient's faded blue ones.

"Now, Steele, don't you dare to open a book until September. Go down to the Maine coast, live out-of-doors and take a salt dip every morning, rain or shine. Do that, young man, and you'll pull through all right."

The magnetic vigor in the doctor's voice and touch imparted something of his courage to the overworked teacher.

"I'll do it, doctor," he promised. "Good! By fall you'll be fit as fiddle."

Harvey Steele was tired of books. As principal of the Granby High School, he had won great success; but he had taken too much out of himself. His days had seemed too short; and so he had eked them out by clipping more and more off both ends of his nights. He slept less and less, and at last almost not at all.

Last September he had not known that he had any nerves; in June he felt that he had nothing else. It was a question whether he could drag through to graduation. He did, but without much to spare. He never wanted to see another book; he never wanted to teach at that high school again or at any other.

Harvey had told the committee that he wished to resign; but they would not let him. They were willing to take chances on his being in trim condition to come back in the fall. They raised his salary and referred him to Dr. Dickinson; and Dr. Dickinson referred him to The Spruces at Toboggan Point.

So Harvey stayed on the pay roll of Granby, and for three months devoted himself to getting well. Every morning, rain or sun, cold or hot, he donned his bathing suit and mackintosh, jogged a half mile through the pasture, and climbed down over the rocks to the pool in the Amphitheatre.

The Amphitheatre was a cove that faced the open ocean; high bluffs walled it in, and it had slippery, sloping ledges for bottom. Almost up to high-water mark was a pool, forty feet long by twenty feet wide and from two to ten feet deep. It made a perfect place for a bath at any tide.

At first it was all Harvey could do to swim across the pool once. By September he was swimming ten times back and forth without touching bottom. Since June 17 he had not missed a single morning dip.

Harvey was feeling better than he had felt for years. His appetite was ravenous; he slept all night without moving. And he began to think a little of his fall work; but he dared not make any definite plans yet, for on that point Dr. Dickinson's instructions had been peremptory. Still, he could not help thinking. Early on September 5th Harvey started as usual for the Amphitheatre. It was a peculiar day: a fog clung loosely to the shore, and a tremendous sea, raised by a storm outside that had not reached the coast, was pounding on the rocks. Even at The Spruces Harvey heard the cannonading of the surf.

Nothing would have tempted Harvey to miss his bath. Dr. Dickinson was due at The Spruces that very morning, to see how his patient had followed out his prescription. Harvey looked forward to treating the doctor to a dose of his own medicine by getting him into the cold swimming pool the next forenoon.

The tide was at about half flood; an occasional big roller rushed up

over the ledges and surged through the entrance of the pool. Hanging his watch on a rock, Harvey plunged in.

As he swam to and fro he glanced down and saw a little pink starfish in the deep water, close to the seaward end. He decided to get it.

As he climbed a rock to dive, a big sea came tumbling in, with another close behind it. Poising himself, Harvey waited. When the green water had run out, Harvey dived. He groped along the bottom and clutched the starfish. Near it was another, and he resolved to get that, too, but it took him a few seconds longer than he expected. As he turned toward the surface, his head was cracking.

A third great sea, which had rushed in, started to run back just as Harvey came to the top and greedily gulped the air. He was near the entrance, and the wave pulled him down and snatched him out. He caught at a projecting rock; but his clutch did not hold, and the undertow dragged him out toward the fog—down over the foaming, roaring ledges, where the rocks were all as slippery as grease, and slimy with gray, olive and brown growths. Some of the rocks were set with barnacles, keen as razors.

As the waves mercilessly washed Harvey back and forth over the rocks, he got some bad cuts and bruises. A big barnacle drew a long red gash down his right thigh. He tried in vain to get a hold with his hands and clamber out.

Blood was running from a dozen cuts, and a sharp pain pierced his side, where he had struck against the rocks. He realized that he was in terrible danger of drowning in that narrow, rock strewn entrance to the pool, the waves had him at their mercy.

At last he gave up trying to climb out and started to fight his way offshore away from the undertow; but an unexpected difficulty confronted him. For almost a hundred yards the surface was covered with a heaving blanket of froth, like a great mass of soapuds—the back swash from the ledges. It was of irregular thickness, varying from a few inches to more than a foot, and broken only here and there by openings. Often the froth covered Harvey's head, and with every breath the stinging salt suds filled his nostrils and made him choke and strangle. Except for the spaces of clear water, he could never have passed through that mass of froth.

When he was safe beyond it, he turned over on his back and, as he floated, considered his predicament. He was tired and panting; his head throbbed; every bone ached; and his body was covered with smarting bruises. But here he was! How could he ever get back to shore? Beyond that hundred yards of froth and the billows boiling over the rocks, he saw the entrance of the swimming pool. Such a little way off! Yet it might as well have been miles away, for it was impossible for him to get ashore on those ledges.

Yet he could not lie there long in that cold water; the chill of the open ocean was already striking to his marrow. Somehow he must attract some one's attention. Harvey looked as far as he could each way along the cliff tops, jagged with spiky evergreens. There was no one in sight. The lighthouse was round the point two miles west. The Spruces was half a mile inshore from the Amphitheatre.

Drawing a deep breath, he raised himself and shouted:

"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

The crescent of bluffs, like a sounding board, hurled his cry mockingly back:

"Ho! Ho! Ho!"

Harvey gave it up. Would not some fisherman be along presently? No; it was far too rough that morning. The coastwise steamer Iris would pass in two hours, but he knew that he could not last so long in that cold water. He thought of the forbidding ledges east and west; he thought of the little sand beach behind the lighthouse point. One by one he went over his chances, one he dismissed them.

Combing graybacks heaved out of the fog, rolled under the blanket of froth, and shattered themselves on the rocks. Masses of brown and yellow seaweed drifted past, and low-flying gulls skimmed by with

creaking cries. Little islands of clear sky began to appear through the thinning mist.

Suddenly a man appeared on the crest of the bluff above the swimming pool, and Harvey's heart leaped. It was Dr. Dickinson! The tweed cap and blue goggles were unfamiliar to Harvey; but even at that distant he could not mistake the gray mackintosh or the abrupt, energetic motions of the man.

Soon the doctor was at the bottom of the cliff. Harvey saw him stop, stare around him for a moment and then bend quickly over; he had discovered his patient's watch and mackintosh and "sneakers." Straightening up, the doctor looked anxiously round, and then, with his hand over his eyes, gazed seaward.

Treading water, Harvey waved his hands wildly.

"O doctor! O doctor!"

But the ceaseless booming of the breakers drowned his voice; and his signals out on the edge of the fog and forth failed to catch the doctor's nearsighted eyes. Harvey saw him turn and hurry up the path. Soon he disappeared beyond the summit.

A feeling of bitter disappointment swept over Harvey. He knew that a searching party would come soon, but what could they do? Even if they saw him, they could not reach him; the nearest boat was almost three miles away round the point. By the time help could come, it would be too late.

The stock of vitality that he had built up so faithfully during the past three months was becoming depleted. His fingers were shriveled with cold; he must swim, if only to keep his blood flowing. East or west? He hardly knew which way to choose. Again he mentally coned the miles of ledges. No; there was not a single spot where he could land.

No spot? Wait! Forty rods west was a little "gunk"—he remembered how the word had amused him when he first heard it. It was merely a narrow cave, guarded by sharp rocks, with a pebbly beach not more than twenty feet wide below a white ledge. Yes, it was the "gunk" or nothing.

Harvey started swimming along the edge of the froth, but the cold Atlantic swell had chilled his blood. It hurt him to take a full stroke. Creeping west, with the fog on his left and the carpet of undulating white on the right, he came at last opposite the white ledge that marked the "gunk." Between him and safety lay a hundred yards of heavy bubbles. The head of the little cove was filled with a deep drift that extended well up the beach. Two thirds of the way in was a space of clear water in the midst of the foam.

Harvey hesitated. Once he started to swim under that carpet of froth, he must go on, until he drowned or until he gained the beach. He would never have the strength to fight his way back against the seas. But it was useless to wait. He must aim for the island of open water. The sun was just breaking through the fog as he plunged into the foam.

Instantly the bubbles closed round him—he blinded his smarting eyes; they filled his nostrils. Occasionally he blew them aside, or swept a space clear with his hands. His strength was failing, but he swam with all his might.

He emerged into the opening, and fifty feet ahead saw the white ledge. With one last look to guide him, he plunged again into the froth.

When he was almost at the end of his strength his toes touched bottom. He fell forward and began crawling. Directly under his face the shadow of the foamy coverlet above wavered on little shells and pebbles. Digging his fingers into them, he dragged himself along.

Sharp pains stabbed his lungs. It was only a little farther now to air, to life. Could he win? A few last desperate seconds—feet—feet—feet—miles! Ah! He must die under that horrible froth! One lunge more! For the last time—

Harvey heaved himself forward. It was the last time! His head came suddenly out into the air and sunlight. With his body still covered with foam, he lay panting on the little beach below the white ledge.

Presently he heard voices and saw a party hurrying down the bluff.

He was too much exhausted to rise; but he smiled up at Dr. Dickinson.

"Well, doctor, I've finished your prescription. No need of having it refilled. I'm cured."—*Youth's Companion.*

DETROIT.

The Michigan Chapter, Detroit, Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, has been started in full blast. At its meeting December 22d., in the D. A. D. Club rooms, some twenty-five strong and true, responded to the S. O. S. of our President, Mrs. Robert Holms. The report of the Secretary and Treasurer being read and accepted, brought out the appalling fact that the once great Branch of that great organization was fading out of existence. To stem the calamity R. V. Jones, seconded by Thomas Kenny, moved that the Detroit Chapter be reorganized and put upon a better and wider footing. The following officers elected at the meeting will show that the members intend to carry out their good intentions, and get what they are going after. The officers for the year of 1922 are: President, Thomas Kenny; Vice President, Ralph Adams; Secretary, Robert Jones (acclamation); Treasurer, Peter N. Hellers; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mrs. R. V. Jones and Arthur Jean. The Board of Trustees elected were John J. Hellers, three years, F. E. Ryan, two years, and Arthur Penick, one year. With Thos. Kenny and R. V. Jones at the helm, the Detroit Chapter is sure to be in a class with those of New York, Chicago, and other cities. These are the boys who put Detroit on the map through their great efforts in bringing the National Convention to such a successful issue. All they need now to repeat their former achievements, is to have the co-operation of every deaf-mute in Detroit and vicinity. Friends and foes are invited and welcomed to join.

To put it in the language of Secretary Jones: We need just such an organization as the N. A. D., to fall back upon. To use a 'big stick' as a protection against laws that proposed are detrimental to the deaf. United we stand, divided we fall, is one of Uncle Sam's most famous mottoes. Let the deaf emulate this great example of our 'Uncle Sammy, and one and all vie with each other for one purpose. When we all come to realize that organization is our only salvation, then and only then will we be able to command recognition and respect from our hearing brothers, and be considered their equals instead of a class of inferior people.

The Detroit Association for the Deaf held its annual elections of officers last month for 1922. Those that were honored were: Henry Furman, President; Clifford Go upil, 1st Vice-President; Asa Suits man, 2d Vice-President; Ferd en and McCarthy, Secretary; John J. Hellers, Treasurer; Arthur Jean, Sergeant-at-Arms; Board of Trustees, Ivan Heymanson, J. Walters and H. Kehun.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the D. A. D. also elected new officers for the coming year. The new officers are all hustlers from president down, and are sure to make this annex to the club a success. Those elected were: Mrs. Alex. Lobsinger, President; Mrs. C. McSparrin, Vice President; Mrs. Ben Beaver, Secretary; Mrs. Sohnlenn, Treasurer; Miss M. Stark, Sergeant at Arms; Board of Trustees, Mrs. Ben Beaver (Chairman), Mrs. C. McSparrin and Mrs. Sanlin.

Another Detroit organization held its annual election for the coming year. The following officers for the year of 1922, to look after the Ephpheta Mission for the Deaf, are: Robert Hahn, President; R. V. Jones, Vice President; F. E. Ryan, Secretary, re-elected; Walter Carl, Treasurer, re-elected; Jas. Henderson, Robert Huhn and Jas. Snyder, were elected Board of Trustees. The meeting did not adjourn until 6 P.M. The members then waited in the hall until 8 P.M., so as to be on hand to attend the evening service conducted by R. V.

Jones. His subject was "Sin." He vividly portrayed the harm that small word has done in this world.

The Ladies Guild also held its election, but the promised information of the names of its successful candidates has not reached me yet.

Mrs. Earl M. Shaffer and baby have left for St. Joseph, Mo., to visit relatives. From there she will go to Springfield, Ill., to get acquainted with hubby's relatives. About January 20th, she expects to return to the fireside which has been kept burning by Papa Shaffer. Mr. Shaffer is an employer of the Borough Adding Machine Co.

Fred J. Boucher is taking advantage of his forced vacation to visit his parents in St. Louis, Mich. His three-year-old daughter, Marquette, accompanied him. While he is away, Mrs. Boucher is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. R. Stark.

The Ladies' Guild gave a Christmas Tree Social December 16th. Standing room was at a premium, and it was voted the biggest success so far. Mrs. R. Stark and her able committee were jubilant over its success. Rev. Charles was there to help make it one of the most pleasant evenings, and Sunday, December 18th, Rev. Charles held service both morning and afternoon.

In the afternoon, he baptized Benjamin F. Dahm, and Miss Naomi May Tucker. Miss Livonia Gratton rendered "Abide with me," in her usual graceful way. Both services were largely attended.

The D. A. D. Christmas tree entertainment, December 24th, was also largely attended. The little ones enjoyed it immensely and so did the older ones. The club with its usual fine thought had erected a miniature Home, with a chimney large enough to admit the corpulent Mr. Hugel to go through. Mr. Hugel acted his part as Santa Claus to perfection, and engraved a place in the heart of every little one by distributing to each a little present.

The D. A. D. also remembered Dietman, the man of all work at the club. Mr. Dietman has been janitor of the club since it moved into its present place. He was presented 64 new one-dollar bills as an appreciation from its members. Ivan Heymanson made the presentation.

Ralph Adams, Arthur Jean and Paul Stempkowski, left for Chicago December 22d., for a two-week sojourn. These young fellows are the life of the D. A. D. How they will come out at the Pas-a-Pas and S. A. C. is a question the boys here are pondering over. Betts are one to two that they will hold their own. They expect to return before January 9th.

Miss Ann Donohue is among us again, looking the picture of health. She says Chicago climate agrees with her. Of the deaf and its hospitality she speaks in the highest terms. Miss Donohue expects to get back in the Borough Adding Machine Co. soon, where Miss Jesse Stephens is working once more. Here's luck to Ann.

Rion Hoel got tired of waiting for a call from the Dodges Bros. to return to work. He left for Dayton, O., where he expects to secure work. If unsuccessful, he intends to go to Florida, and purchase some land and settle down as a tiller of the soil. His many friends in Detroit regret losing him, but wish him the best of luck.

Mrs. Laura Walker and son spent Christmas week with friends in Windsor, Ont.

What are our Schools for the Deaf for, if one of our unfortunate people must be sent to a place like the Home and Training School. It is really an institution maintained by the State for Feeble-Minded children and adults. The clipping below will either show that this boy, because he is deaf and dumb, has been deemed feeble minded by these men of science, or the school at Flint has never been heard of. I have made personal inquiries and have been informed there are three inmates there, who should be at Flint, where they could get better training and education. They also would be associated with children, who would sympathize with them. Lapeer is only twenty miles from Flint, and this matter should be looked into, if it has not all ready been done.

—Roland Carson, 11 years old, an

inmate of the Michigan Training Home, has been missing since last Thursday, when he was put on the train at Lapeer to go to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carson, Harbor Beach, for the holiday.

"The boy is deaf and dumb. It is thought he got off the train at one of the intermediate stations unnoticed by the brakeman in whose charge he was placed. Information regarding him should be sent to the Training Home at Lapeer or his parents, Harbor Beach."

The best resolution to make by the deaf of Dear old Detroit, is to determine among themselves to be an assistant reporter to the JOURNAL correspondent, although they are responding splendidly to the call for news from me. It would be far better if all would join a Resolve Club and jot down every little bit of news they come across and hand or send same to me. I'll do the rest; and so will the Editor if the news deserves the ever-handy blue pencil. In the meantime, if you have failed to renew your subscription, don't tell me your hard luck story. I have trouble of my own. Tell the Editor; he has the books and knows how to decide.

F. E. RYAN.

AN APPEAL.

We hope the JOURNAL readers will contribute to the very worthy cause set forth in the appeal of Mr. Tse Tien Fu.

Nationality should not play a part in helping our brethren who are deaf. All the world of deaf-mutes are brothers and sisters. Their concern and trouble should be ours. Let us all help in conferring upon one or more deaf-mutes the blessings of education.

Contributions sent to E. A. Hodgson, Editor DRAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, P. O. Station M, New York City, will be publicly acknowledged, and forwarded promptly.

APPEAL OF THE HANGCHOW PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

The school for the Deaf in Hangchow has been running for seven years. There are many students who are anxious to come. But we are in short of fund, we are not able to receive them all. We feel very sorry that we have to turn them away.

Some time ago we received \$75.00 through Silent Worker toward the fund of our school. We are indeed grateful. Our students will never forget the kindness of our foreign friends.

At present we are sending out an appeal through DRAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in hope that those who are interested in our Deaf School in Hangchow may be willing to contribute some money to help the school in order that we may receive more students. The deaf through the agency of our work may also receive the Gospel. Those who desire to contribute please send this money to Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson.

Sincerely yours,
TSE TIEN FU.

Edwin A. Hodgson	\$2.00
St. Elizabeth's Deaf-Mute Mission, Wheeling, W. Va., through Mr. J. C. Bremer	3.00
Anthony Capelle	50
Charles Golden	25
Anna M. Klaus	1.00
Waldo Ries	1.00
John F. O'Brien	50

Americans in China expect soon to send their children to the first American school to be established for American pupils in that country. It will cost about \$500,000, the collection of which virtually is completed. The buildings are to be located in Shanghai.

The new school is intended to serve the entire American population in China, which numbers about 6,000. High school grades will be offered so that graduates may be admitted to the leading universities in the United States. Heretofore, American pupils in China have attended British schools.

A pearl necklace valued at \$1,000 four years ago would cost \$5,000 today.

BOSTON.

The First Annual Ball under the auspices of the Massachusetts Benevolent Association of the Deaf (formerly Horace Mann Benevolent Association). Tuesday evening, February 21st, 1922, from 7:30 to 12, Beacon Hall, 286 Harvard Street. Take Coolidge or Beacon Street Cars from Park Street. Get off at the corner on right. Concert for your hearing friends from 8 till 9, and dancing from 9 to 12.

Miss Harriet F. Dingwell, of Canada, residing in Watertown for good, became engaged to Fernald G. McLeod, of Waltham, on December 24th, 1921. Congratulations.

Mrs. Edwin Frisbee (nee Cora Crocker), deaf and blind, gave birth to a daughter on December 20th, and is doing nicely. They will name her Helen. They reside in Wrentham, Mass.

Harry Rosenstein is a very busy bee, worked hard during the Christmas rush at the post office. He said there were piles of parcel more than ever before.

December 21st, the Trinity Church gave their Christmas Tree to their deaf friends, and Mr. Ernest Sargent acted as Santa Claus, with Mrs. Wm. Browne and Florence Wetmore on the program.

December 25th, New England Jewish Deaf Association gave their social at the Y. M. H. A., 47 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston. Many games were played, and prizes went to the winners. Mr. Dulman in mysterious scramble won a bill pocket book. Tip-toe contest, drawing contest, and other games were played, and refreshments were served, and everybody went home happy on Christmas Eve.

Mr. Isaac Marcus is confined to his bed with a sprained. We hope he will recover soon.

Mr. Ernest Sargent is confined bed with same trouble—he never got over from an accident—but we hope to see him on his feet soon.

Mr. William Alcott, Managing Trustee of the Home, has suffered from digestive trouble for years. The trouble has become more aggravated each year, and during the last month he was confined to his home, and a surgical operation was determined upon, and was performed on Saturday, December 4th. It was successful, and Mr. Alcott is doing well as can be expected. His efforts for the Home have been a labor of love.

Today, January 2d, New Year Holiday, the men are excavating the cellar of Salem Hall, preparatory to making a concrete floor, which is the preliminary step to making the basement into a most desirable kitchen room and serving room for parties. The digging through the hard clay soil has been anything but easy, and the efforts of the workers are all the more appreciated. Any one wishing to help, are welcome to do so. Make arrangements with Director J. Daniel Nichols. We hope to have it done before the Spring outdoors parties. The Frats gave their social and dance party at St. Rose Hall, Worcester Street, December 31st. Have not got the reports of their affair.

Mrs. M. Perry had a very bad case of gripe, and was confined to her home for over three weeks, but is now on the road to recovery.

Miss Gladys Gillies, of Newton, with her parents moved from Newton to Watertown Square, and is pleased with the new location.

On Christmas day, December 26th, Mrs. Burrell gave out the gifts to the inmates of the Home, and they were pleased with the many useful things.

Miss Jetter, formerly of Fanwood, a new stranger to the Home from Providence, R. I., realized the most surprising presents she ever witnessed.

F. K.

Maeterlinck, the famous Belgian dramatist, who has recently visited America, was an awful failure even at his own job of writing at first. Of his first volume of poems nobody took the least notice. The same fate befell his first play, of which he printed twenty-five copies, with his own hands and gave them away.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1922.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1634 Street and St. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Near the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The circumstances surrounding the death of Harry White, which is so graphically described and commented on by our Chicago correspondent, will be learned with sadness by everyone who knew him in his boyhood, his early manhood, and his prime.

He was a brilliant example of the old-time methods, when teachers did not apologize for the use of the sign language in developing the mind. His career at Hartford School, and subsequently at Gallaudet College (in his day the National Deaf-Mute College), was remarkable for its rapidity of intellectual acquirement. He is said to have been the youngest student to enter the Freshman Class in the history of the College. He possessed great native ability, and absorbed knowledge as a sponge absorbs water. His memory was unusually retentive; he was quick, keen and logical; he had wonderful initiative; he dominated by the force of reason; he was both energetic and ambitious;—but despite all this, he fought through life a losing battle. His one great defect, and probably the cause of his successive misfortunes, was an ungovernable temper.

There is no parallel to his achievements as a founder of Institutions for the education of the Deaf. The Institution at Phoenix, Arizona, and the Institution at Ogden, Utah, were both founded by Harry White. And in addition he had much to do with the establishment of the New England Home for Aged Deaf, now located at Everett, Mass. He was superintendent for terms of a few years of both the Arizona and Utah Institutions. He lost office in each through intrigue of advocates of pure oralism, coupled with a stubborn disinclination to enter into a compromise in the matter of educational methods. And though he lost, who shall say that he was not right in his contentions. Our own judgment is that he was unfortunate in the manner of upholding the course which he considered best adapted to the welfare of the pupils for whom the schools were established.

He compiled a book of "law points for everybody," that was a good seller and a really useful guide for the ordinary man of business.

He attempted mission work among the deaf in California, but was soon discredited by the authorities of the church under which he was licensed to operate, mainly through factional fault of the deaf themselves. From that time he appears to have been a broken man. But with flashes of the courage that always distinguished him, he battled along, nor asked for help or favors from any one. Finally, he drifted to Akron, essayed tasks beyond his strength, succeeded in getting a more congenial position with lighter work, only to be at last another of

the hundreds of deaf men and women who were forced into idleness by the policy of retrenchment at the big rubber factories which made Akron famous.

That he eked out a miserable existence during the closing days of his career, and died all alone in a city hospital, is very sad indeed. His remains rest in the cemetery burial plot of Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, a college friend in the happy days on Kendall Green some forty years ago, whom God will bless and all the deaf world will praise for his characteristic and generous deed.

Gallaudet College.

Winter weather seems to have settled over the Green. A big snow fell last Sunday, covering everything with its mantle of white. From all indications, long deferred snow-baths will soon be administered to those who have not yet been buried in some huge drift on Garlic Field.

The Kappa Gamma Fraternity will hold its annual convocation on the evening of January 28th. The night of February 18th, has been set aside for the annual Fraternity banquet. Any brother who wishes to attend the banquet will please get in touch with the Tahdhead.

A combination ice-cream, candy, and grocery store has been installed in the building adjoining that now occupied by the Sanitary Grocery store. A hardly but tempting new neighbor, we think.

The Co-eds have organized a club called "The Parrots." Absolutely nothing is known of it among the boys, as the members have not yet been induced to discuss the club—strange for Parrots, eh? Polly wants a cracker.

At a recent meeting of the Literary Society, the following officers were elected to shoulder the burdens of the Society throughout the second term: President, Mr. Werner, '22; Vice-President, Mr. Kannapel, '23; Secretary, Mr. Markel, '24; Treasurer, Mr. Falk, '25.

Douglas Craig, M. M., has taken up the hobby of making stray dogs feel at home. Douglas now has quite a collection of four-legged orphans, and he says that it would be unwise for any burglar to attempt to break in his house. He goes on to say that one of the dogs seems to be deaf, but that he thinks it is only faking. Douglas hasn't any use for impostors.

Gallaudet, 12. G. W. U., 30.

In an erratic played game the Buff and Blue five went down to defeat before the onslaught of the George Washington University team, Friday evening, January 6th. The final score was 30 to 12, and it tells the whole story by itself.

The coliseum, which was the scene of the tilt, is much larger than our gymnasium. No doubt that fact accounts for the "lost" feeling our boys experienced. But there is no beating around the bush; we were outclassed from start to finish. Only the final whistle prevented a much larger score being piled up against us.

The Gallaudet lads played a miserable game, considering their showing in recent practice games. It was a general impression among spectators that they were under the influence of a "pink mule." Their passing was a sorry sight to behold! Time and again a Buff and Blue man would pass the ball to a G. W. U. player, who showed his appreciation by registering a field goal. With the ball right under our basket, our men were unable to drop the sphere through the hoop.

The G. W. U. team played a much better brand of ball. Their passing was good, and they registered goals almost at will. They outplayed us completely in all departments of the game.

For Gallaudet, Wallace was the only man who seemed to realize that he was participating in a basketball game. The whole G. W. U. squad played impressively.

The line-up and summary:

Geo. Wash.	Positions	Gallaudet
Gosnell	R. F.	Boatwright
Bracklow	L. P.	Seipp
Altrup	C.	Baynes
Dalley	R. G.	LaPountain
Hughes	L. G.	Wallace

Substitutions: George Washington—Spears for Bracklow, Bracklow for Spears, Goldstein for Hughes, Gallaudet—Danofsky for Seipp. Field goals—Gosnell (8), Bracklow, Altrup, Dalley, Boatwright (2), Seipp, Baynes. Fouls—Gosnell (8 out of 12), LaPountain 4 out of 9, Referee—Morgan (Cornell), Hughes (Georgetown).

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House,
228 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES.
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 8:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

CHICAGO.

Once dapper and dandy and debonair,
Nad conventions cheered when his signs would wave;
Now, weary and worn, he is resting where
None of all he once loved ever visit his grave.
So-soaked by the showers of endless years
And baked by the beams of the summer sun—
Lying dead to cheers, and to jibes and jeers,
Is our good gray leader, whose work is done.

Taking his last long "siesta" in alien soil, far from the sun-kissed land where he rose to preeminent greatness as the leading deaf man of his decade—the Gibson of his day—lies Harry White, famous founder of the Utah and Arizona State Schools for the Deaf. Founder and first superintendent—kicked out of each, as soon as he made a success of them, in favor of political suppliants. Like Hagar and Ishmael, forever driven hither and yon by adverse cross-currents in the maelstrom of life, finally coming to rest like water-logged driftwood on the wind-whipped shore of unfriendly climes.

Bearing the buffetings of chance, with back that's bloody but unbowed, Harry White passed out as 1921 was drawing to a close. "A change in luck" were almost his last words—referring doubtless to the priceless privilege of dying between clean white sheets, in a warm hospital, after the weary weeks of suffering in a garret room that never knew heat, on a "flop" that would vex the hide of a rhinoceros. A "change in luck" he called it! Pride had prevented him from making known his dire distress to any of several who could have given him a clean shake-down in a steam-heated flat, to fight against the increasing choking constriction of asthma and bronchitis which finally clogged up lungs and windpipe, and spelled the end. He, who once knew superb slumber, between the silken sheets of a superintendency, considered it the acme of luck to die in the County Hospital.

Clarence Murday and the Rev. P. J. Hasenstab were his last callers, summoned by John Young, a few hours before White died. Rev. Hasenstab, himself seriously ill, he could scarcely walk, gave what comfort he could to the once-famous leader of our race, the night of December 30th. Early next morning, with only a hearing nurse beside him, old "Prof." Harry left to answer the final roll-call.

A wire to his daughter in Rome, N. Y., evoked a telegram authorizing "a conservative funeral." It was decided to bury him way out among aliens; but Rev. Hasenstab's pretty daughters had other ideas. "Why not bury him in your lot, papa?"

"But it is only big enough for us Hasenstabs alone," he replied.

"Think you we will all eventually sleep together," the daughters came back. "Hardly; some of us will some day slumber with our own husbands and children, so why not utilize the vacant place of one of us for your old college mate to rest through long years with at least one who knew and loved him—with a friend of his youth?" And so Harry White rests in the Hasenstab plot in Fairmount.

The services partook somewhat of a college air. There were three ministers uniting in the service—all Gallaudetians: Reverends Hasenstab, Rutherford and Flick. Except for John Young, old White's most interested listener in the days when he would creep to warm his weary bones in the cozy rooms of the Pas-a-Pas—all the pallbearers were colleagues: Dr. Dougherty, Purdum, Murday, Codman, and Frank Johnson. Dick Long, '81, was present, but too sick to serve; White's only college classmate in Chicago—Lester Goodman, '80, an employe of the post-office—curtly replied he was "too busy" to attend, when notified over the phone of the funeral. Mrs. Meagher sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and Mrs. Hasenstab rendered "Asleep in Jesus." Floral tributes came from the Gallaudet Chapter of Chicago, Pas-a-Pas, Ladies' Aid Society, and Epworth League.

By putting two and two together, we find that old White's emaciated frame was due to under-nourishment. Unable to peddle his telephone accessories in the inclement weather of the loop, he practically starved. It is remembered now how glad White always seemed when anyone invited him to step up to the Pas-a-Pas cafeteria table Sunday nights. We took it mainly for good-fellowship. Sick and starving, down-and-out, the ex-great man never whined. Never asked for pecuniary aid.

Gaunt, gray, tottering, he wheezed and coughed his way around, with only the eyes—keen and glowing like an eagle's—to tell the world that this was all that was left of a once dominant figure.

Not long ago Dr. Dougherty asked if he intended to publish a new and revised edition of his famous book of two decades back, "Law Points for Everybody"—now unprocurable. "No; I am an old man, and have not long to live," White replied. Just then Dick Long—a freshman when White was a sophomore—passed, and White asked regarding Long's fami-

ly, his two pretty daughters, and his loving wife. All well. The address of eternal ages limned White's well-defined old face, as he uttered a comment poignant with meaning: "You have held your family together better than I have."

New Year's annual "Open House" at the Sac, culminating with the installation of officers of N. F. S. D. Division, No. 1, was carried out with eclat as usual.

Parts of our stately, solemn ritual were gone through before a large crowd of friends and strangers, gathered in an observant oblong. President Morton Henry, in his address, stated No. 1 is in progressive condition, as while the average age of members joining most hearing fraternal is well advanced, the average joiner of our division is only a little over twenty-three, or so Chicago seems to lead in size, having 209 resident members, and 138 non-residents, 347 in all.

The best address of the evening was given by the new headquarters man, Arthur L. Roberts—late principal of Kendall School, Gallaudet College. "Bobs" opened by stating "frat night" during the Detroit Nad convention (Bobs is Secretary-treasurer of the N. A. D.) was the most inspiring spectacle he ever saw in deafdom—800 healthy, intelligent, prosperous deaf men from all sections of the country, gathered in a solemn ritual so well learned they went through it like trained soldiers. Roberts paid high tribute to the "little group of wilful men," who formed Chicago Division No. 1 and stood to their guns through the trying years of the society's growth. Frathood then was a laughing stock. "Had that corporal's guard surrendered, fratdom would have been killed then and there," he stated. "We used to be ashamed of our homely red-blue-black-white button; but now we are proud of it."

Roberts prophesied we will have 100 divisions by next New Year's. "Our field is scarcely taked; instead of the 5000 members, we ought to have 20,000 to 25,000. We will branch out in Canada soon." Stated the greatest benefit the society conferred was it eradicated sectionalism. "The frat has proven one old saying a lie! It has proven we deaf can stick together. The N. F. S. D. is the greatest thing that ever happened in Deafdom."

Grand Treasurer Edward Rowse gave a skeletonized report on the society's finances. "We Chicagoans had a big banquet celebrating our reaching the \$100,000 mark back in 1915—when the society was fourteen years old. Now, six years later, we have several times that—approximately \$352,000. Over a third of a million dollars."

Robey Burns, who is booming a new division in Jacksonville; Marsh of Indianapolis division; Murday and Troiel of No. 1, also spoke before "Miracle Man" Johnnie Purdum wound up the evening. Purdum extended greetings to the Nads to the frats, the elder brother to its stronger younger brother. He spoke on the death of Harry White, to be buried next day. "White was a hold-out; before he was too old, I urged him to join the frats, but he was never persuaded. Now it is too late. He died penniless, knowing not where to look for his next meal."

Robey Burns, the wizard coach, was among the teachers and pupils departing for Springfield at noon January 3d. While here, "Robbie" bunked at the "Bobses"—having worked as supervisor at Kendall School, Gallaudet College, while the Roberts were principal and matron there. It is a coincidence that all three high-power human dynamos reside in Illinois.

Among those spending the holiday season in this bailiwick were: Peter Schat and Eric Ormberg, Flying Squadron graduates at Goodyear; Morris Seltzer, St. Louis; S. Stemp-lowinski, Ralph Adams and Arthur Jean, Detroit; Mrs. Sallie Gray, Breckenridge, Mo., the guest of Mrs. E. Hunter; Wm. Riordan, Dubuque, Iowa; and Miss Mary Stein, Madison, Wis.

This Miss Stein, a graduate of the Wisconsin State School, lost her hearing when a few months old. A strikingly pretty, demure, unspoiled little lassie, was so impressed by the glamor of Sac gayeties that she announced her intention of vacationing here next summer. A deaf man in a hearing university is a seven-days wonder; how much more so a deaf Co-ed. Miss Stein was the subject of extensive interest during the holidays.

That Ralph Adams has a strange and striking situation for a deaf man—stone deaf. He is one of the thirty "testers" in the Fordson plant. A "Fordson" is a baby-tractor, made by Henry Ford, which has reached sudden and country-wide popularity among the farmers. Adams runs them up a testing hill, over bumps, and through quick turns and other maneuvers, meanwhile warily watching the sparkle and splutter of the spark-plugs and feeling the purr of the motor. Adams states deafness is nowise a handicap to him in this job. Having several times been "roughed" by Ford police and yardmen, when seen tinkering with an engine he was testing and being unable to answer question with his hands full of grease and oil, the company made special certificates in leather cases, which

alleviate the olden suspicion of loyal Ford cops.

January 3d, Miss Anna Sebek, the pretty blonde "reformed-oralist," left for a few months in Los Angeles. "They never come back" once they taste the exquisite joys of perpetual summer at Ponce De Leon's soda-water-fountain.

The Christmas tree of Catholic circles outdid all other trees in one respect—the magnificence of a single individual gift. The silent flock of Father Mahan gave him one of those new portable Remington typewriters with case—advertised at \$60—and abundant stationery supplies, while Father Mahan's hearing parishioners presented him with an auto. (The auto was not, however, on the tree—only Fords can be hung up on average sized trees.) George Brasher acted as Santa.

Frank Riha is limping around after having been bed-ridden over a month. The trial of the taxicab driver who ran him down is set for the near future.

Dr. George T. Dougherty reached the ripe young age of 62 on the 4th, and the customary traditional party—given when any patron of All Angels' Church—has a birthday on Wednesday—was tendered the young-old Irishman. Followed the customary whist party with the customary six small prizes, completing the customary enjoyable evening.

Chicago friends received cards from Colorado Springs, bearing greeting from Nad president, Dr. J. H. Cloud.

Mrs. Adolph Olsen graduated into the grandmother class December 29th, when her oldest boy held open house to Dr. Stork.

Under the capable management of retiring president John D. Sullivan, the Sac watched the old year out and the new year in, with the same confetti-covered carnival spirit as last year. The 50 cents admission price did not prevent a packed house. New Year's Eve seem to be one of the few nights when social gaiety at the Sac is on a plane fully commensurate with that stupendous undertaking.

At the same time the Pas-a-Pas held a bunco party—14 tables and a big crowd of onlookers. First prizes went to C. C. Codman and Mrs. Meagher.

The Pas announces a change of date. Dr. Dougherty's lecture, scheduled for the 28th, has been postponed to February, so as not to interfere with the regular quarterly Nad meeting at All Angels' on the 28th. Cafeteria supper will be served by the ladies from 5 to 7:30. At least such is the advertised arrangement. Speaking privately, however, and from personal experience, we would judge the cafeteria supper won't last until 6—provided the cooking is up to its customary high standard.

Dates ahead, January 21—Whist, All Angels' Church. 22—Confirmation service, Bishop Anderson. 28—Quarterly Nad meeting at All Angels'. February 4—Masquerade ball, frats, at Sac (one of the big things of the year).

THE MEAGHERS.

Obituary.

Friends of Miss Caroline Volk, of this city, were shocked to learn of her sudden death on Thursday of holiday week. Returning from a visit to friends on the west side of 40th Street, Miss Volk was in happy spirits. She had reached the corner of Fifth Avenue and 35th St., a few blocks from her home, when she fell to the sidewalk, and died before aid could be summoned. Heart failure was the cause.

Graduated from the 67th Street School, Miss Volk was a woman of strong and noble character. For years she had been the main support of a widowed and enfeebled mother, and on many occasions forfeited the pleasures of her deaf friends in favor of her parent.

Always a loyal and consistent member of the Xavier Epiphany Society, Miss Volk had been a staunch supporter of the late Rev. M. R. McCarthy in his work among the deaf. Rarely was meeting or service held at St. Francis Xavier's, than Carrie Volk could be found well up in the front row of seats.

The authorities removed the body to the Morgue, it was stated, and had not Father Dalton been notified by the Bellevue Hospital staff, the remains might have been interred in an unknown grave. Her relatives were later notified, and the funeral took place on New Year's Day, from her late home.

She is survived by several cousins, and will be mourned by a large circle of deaf friends.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and 2d Sunday each month 9 A.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 8 P.M. Except first Sunday of the month.
Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places, by appointment.

TEXAS.

The Christmas Holidays at the Texas School, began at 4 o'clock P.M. on December 22d, and ended at 8 o'clock A.M. on January 2, 1922. Most of the teachers connected with the school spent the holidays in Austin, especially the deaf teachers, as all of them, with the exception of Mrs. Thornberry and the writer, having remained in the city. The majority of the boys and girls went home to spend the holidays, and at present some of them are still at home, which leads me to remark, that if the pupils continue to abuse their privileges in that manner, they are liable to wake up some fine morning and find that their holidays have been discontinued.

The writer, together with his wife and five months-old baby, spent part of the holidays in San Antonio, visiting with relatives, seeing the sights; homesickness for Austin however soon brought him and his family back to the Capital City.

Those of the deaf who spent the holidays at home were entertained in various ways. The men having a daily 42 tournament during the entire holidays, which was won by Prof. W. H. Davis, who came out on top practically every day of the tournament, he was closely followed by his brother Robert L. Davis, the rest of us were merely also-rans, most of us having only one or two games to our credit each afternoon.

The deaf ladies had parties almost every afternoon during the holidays, and as none of the men were present, it must have been one grand and glorious afternoon for the well known weaker sex?

Those of the pupils who were forced to remain at school during the holidays were not neglected by old Santa, however, and every one of them received presents from home, and from the school. The Christmas tree was held on the night of December 24th, and old Santa himself was there, distributing packages right and left, with a smile here and a joke there, and every one of the pupils was happy, or ought to have been. Every other night during the week moving-pictures were given in the auditorium, and one or two parties were given, so the stay at homes were certainly not neglected a bit.

The quality of the moving pictures being shown in the auditorium during the present school year are of the finest grade obtainable, and are almost new releases. By having the Literary Society on every other Saturday night, better pictures have been obtained. Some of the stars shown are named below in order of their popularity with the pupils here in school: Wallace Reid, Dorothy Gish, Douglas MacLean, and Charlie Chaplin.

All of the teachers and officers connected with the school received a beautiful advertisement in the form of a calendar from the Rendon Bros., of Laredo, Texas. The Rendon boys, three in number, seem to be doing very fine in the tailor business, which only goes to show that where there is a will there is a way. I noticed in a recent issue of the *Silent Worker*, where Florence Rendon was a prize fighter. That's the first I ever know of him being a member of the squared circle crowd. At school he was a fine football and baseball player however.

Mrs. Douglas Johnson (formerly Miriam Michaels) and husband spent the Christmas holidays in Dallas, visiting relatives and friends. They are back in Austin at present. Dick Myers, one of the older boys attended the Centre-A and M. football game in Dallas, Texas, January 2d, and witnessed the defeat of the famed Centre eleven by the Texas Farmers.

The Texas School for the Deaf has secured a new Head Supervisor and Athletic Coach, in the person of Mr. George Gordon Kannapel, of Kentucky. Mr. Kannapel arrived in Austin to take charge of his department on the 30th of December, and seems to be well satisfied with the climate, people and school, so we hope that he will remain with us for some time to come.

George Gordon Kannapel graduated from Gallaudet College with the Class of 1921, with the degree of B. S., and after graduating secured a position with a Chemical Manufacturing Company in Louisville, Kentucky, which position he was holding at the time of his appointment to his present position.

The basketball season has opened at the Texas School, and to date the team has played three games, winning the first and losing the next two games straight. The scores of the games are as follows:

T. S. D.	25	Y. M. C. S.	8
T. S. D.	10	S. M. H. S.	11
T. S. D.	15	S. M. B. A.	26
Total	50		42

The following games are booked for the team to play:—

Jan. 6—Elgin H. S. at Austin
Jan. 13—A. & M. Fish at College Station
Jan. 20—Manor H. S. at Austin
Jan. 21—San Marcos Baptist Academy at San Marcos
Jan. 27—Elgin H. S. at Elgin
Jan. 28—Southwest State Normal at Austin
Feb. 3—Manor H. S. at Manor
Feb. 10—Austin High, at T. S. D.
Feb. 11—St. Edwards College at St. E.
Feb. 17—Austin High at Austin
Feb. 18—St. Edwards at T. S. D.

TROY HILL.

ST. LOUIS NOTES.

Have you sent in your \$2.00 for the JOURNAL to start the New Year right? If not, send it direct to the JOURNAL office, and you will probably see something about you.

The Silent Auto Club had its New-Year celebration on December 31st, with a very good and merry crowd. The games and dances were in harmony with the driving out the old year and welcoming the New Year. Confetti and tape papers and paper caps were worn by almost every one. The eats and drinks were in abundance. Due thanks are to Mr. Ernest Miller and his subordinates.

Mr. W. N. Bennett, who has been out of work so long, has kicked the dust off our burg for awhile and gone somewhere south to try his fortune. His wife expects him home some time in 1922, via Cuba. We will expect him to give us something of his travels on his return. Look out for the date.

Mr. Morris Seltzer made a flying trip to Chicago, to give his cousin, Sol Rubin, a good hugging to start the New Year right. We wonder what he brought home in his pockets.

Mr. Charles Wolff has been making himself a good Santa Claus, by sending candies to many of his friends in and out of town. Now it is their turn to tell him by a card or letter what they have to say. Several have answered him.

During the Rev. James Cloud's absence from the city, January 4, 1921, his lay reader, Mr. A. A. Steidemann had to open the church to those who wanted to hear the word of God.

Mr. Jacob Perlmuter, uncle of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Perlmuter, departed this world on the 2d ult., for the better one in the great beyond. Our sympathy goes with the bereaved family.

The Silent Auto Club will meet regularly at Keystone Hall (3619 Finney Avenue) on the third Friday of each month. Come and give us what enlightenment you have in store for us.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stafford took advantage of the holidays in Panama, visiting their only daughter and son-in-law and grand daughter. They reported having a very good time.

It is said that Mr. Ernest Miller's home was robbed recently by some professional burglar, carrying off something of \$100. We do not know where our famous policeman were.

Mr. J. H. Burgherr and his wife entertained their three children with a Christmas tree. They live at 1953 Utah Street. Mr. Burgherr is one of the Auto Club hustlers.

The next Frat ball will be February 18th, 1922. As it is the last ball before Lent, come and have a good time and swell the Frat bank.

REXY.

EASTERN. IOWA.

Will Smith, of Fulton, Ill., died October 22d last, and was buried the following Sunday. He was ill for over a year. The pallbearers were all of his deaf friends. He attended school at Jacksonville, Ill.

On October 5th last, the stork left a baby daughter at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Bryant, of Clifton, Iowa. The mother and baby are getting along fine.

Car Hits Auto.—On November 5th last, a street car collided with the automobile of W. F. Loughran, 2046½ West Second Street, at Seventh and Taylor Streets, wrecking the rear wheels of the motor. No one was injured.

The mutes of the Tri-cities had a watch night party at Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Morris' home at Hampton, Ill., 10 miles east of Rock Island, Ill. About 15 mutes were present, though it was very cold, and all had a nice time.

Mr. Paul D. Hubbard, of Olathe, Kansas, was in Davenport, Ia., for a week during Holiday week, on business. He had chance to meet all the deaf, and he was with us at the watch night party at Hampton, Ill.

Bert E. Jennisch has been laid off for two months, but is now back at work at the Velle Motor Co., working full time.
As it is hard to get steady work in the Tri-Cities, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Racketts has gone back to Anamosa, Ia., to stay with the former's parents. He now works at cobbling in a shoe shop.

The new officers of the N. F. S. D. Davenport Division, No. 59, are as follows: Bert E. Jennisch, President; Arthur E. Heritage, Vice-President; Arthur Johnson, Secretary; O. T. Osterberg, Treasurer; Geo. Schneider, Director; O. Shaffer, Sergeant-at-Arms.

O. T. O.

January 4, 1922.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the best.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League celebrated the Thirty-Sixth Anniversary of its founding with a dinner, at "The Academy," West 79th Street, on Monday, January 2d.

Three of the founders were present, each looking hale and hearty, in spite of the more than a third of a century since the time when as a youthful quartet they planned and started the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. These three were Samuel Frankenheim, Charles Bothner, and Adolph Pfeiffer. The fourth was Joseph Yankauer, who died more than twenty-five years ago.

There were thirteen round tables with seats for ten, and all were filled. Following was the menu, which was excellent both in cuisine and service:

MENU

Grape Fruit aux Maraschino
Supreme of Gaspe Salmon Saute Tartare
Parisienne Potatoes
Consomme Potage a la Vodka
Table Celery Olives Gherkins
Sliced Tomatoes Salted Almonds
Fresh Beef Tongue Saute Polonaise
Potato Croquettes
Punch a la Capelle
Roast Philadelphia Capon Petit Pois Verts
Laitue
Macarons Assortis Glace au Citron
Cafe Noir
Apollinaris

The toastmaster was Mr. Frankenheim, and he made the opening address, which, in the parlance of the present time would be designated as "short and snappy," and quite all right from every point of view.

Concluding, he called upon President Capelle, who is just beginning his second term in that office. That august official made a brief but appropriate reference to the fine condition of the organization today, and the plans that will make for progress during the year 1922. He promised to do all he could to promote the athletic branch of the league, and expressed the belief that the young athletes would add to the prestige already acquired on the cinder path and the diamond.

Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, honorary member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, was next introduced by the toastmaster. He began by a recital of the early struggles of the four young founders, and praised the persistence and pluck with which they overcame the obstacles met in the first ten or more years of the league's existence. He pointed to the splendid facilities for recreational pleasures which were afforded today, and congratulated the young men who joined during the past few years, pointing out the fact that they had at once become full partners in a rich and prosperous organization, which had cost the early adherents so much in time and effort and money to build up.

Messrs Charles Bothner and Adolph Pfeiffer each in turn told of incidents in the initial stages of the league's advent among the organizations of the deaf in New York, and each received a hearty hand at the finish of his remarks.

Albert V. Ballin was then called upon to render "The Marseillais" in signs. His dramatic effort was really admirable, and acted with such consummate skill that onlookers were thrilled and applauded tumultuously at the close.

For the benefit of our readers who are not familiar with the National Hymn of France, it is here appended:

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

By Rouget de Lisle, 1795.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires
Hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling host, a ruffian band,
Afright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate depots dare,
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded.
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave! etc.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling
And, lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embuing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave! etc.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox responded to the toastmaster's invitation. He told of his many duties that pre-

vented him from taking advantage of his membership privileges, but assured all that he was in sympathy with the objects of the league, and interested in its continuous progress. He was witty and earnest alternately, drew many a laugh and received unstinted applause.

Mr. Frankenheim made a closing address, and then by taxi and elevated the majority of the members repaired to the club rooms, where conversation and games enlivened the hours till nearly midnight.

The Dinner Committee, who are entitled to praise for the fine outcome of the celebration were Samuel Frankenheim and Emanuel Souweine, with the President ex-officio.

The Metropolitan Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association has grown so greatly in membership within the past year, that the youngest lady members saw fit to give an entertainment last Saturday evening, in the Guild Hall of St. Ann's Church. That is how it happened, though the Rev. Mr. Kent would have it that the real reason for this "Minstrel Show" was to provide Miss Margaret Sherman with an alibi to wear her brother's cast off trousers at least once more, and to give Miss Florence Lewis also the opportunity to do ordinary trousers and hear them whistle when she moved. Whatever the reason, however, there were over two dozen college alumni and their invited guests present at this little private theatrical, whereof the following is the program as it would look if printed in the midst of advertisements for the local merchandise establishments:—

OVERTURE

(Whole cast spilled out upon the stage.)

Song and Dance—"I'm a Lady's Man."
Miss Stella Ciderella Jane Maxwell.
Miss Stella Ciderella Jane Maxwell.
Solo—"Camin' thro' de Sugar-Cane."
Miss Stella Ciderella Jane Maxwell.
Interlude—"Roll on, thou ivory cubes, roll on."
Orchestra. (1 zither, 2 bassoons.)
Dance—"De Rushin' Bullet."
Mrs. Sairy Seraphy Amyrillia Ragna. Mr. Maraschino Julep Sherman.
Song—"Way off on de Deep Sea, Dat's All."
Miss Sophy Citronella Floribelle Boatwright.

INTERMISSION

(Love Scene, Miss Florin Hannibal and Miss Ciderella Jane.)

Recitation—"De Blue Wash-tub Bluing."
Mrs. Sairy Seraphy Amyrillia Ragna.
Solo—"Mah Lucindy has done lef mel!"
Mr. Maraschino Julep Sherman.
Duet—"All Chickens Cross de Road fo' to meet a Lady's Man."
Miss Sophy Citronella Floribelle Boatwright. Mr. Florin Hannibal William of Orange Lewis.
Song and Dance—"Ah kain't sing de old songs, coz mah knees shivahs."
Miss Stella Ciderella Jane Maxwell.
Grand Exit—"Now Us is Jes' Gwine ter be Ain't." Ensemble.

The stage, as set for this show, had an excellent barn scene. The fair faces of the young ladies participating had been duly treated with stove foolish to bring out a realistic, tho' shiny, conformation to role. Coontown costumes were furnished by a reliable Lenox Avenue authority. As for acting, each player was cast in the most favorable character according to her natural talents. For facial expression, Mrs. Ragna won the fur-lined asbestos curling-tongs. For complete success in effacing all traces of femininity from her manner, Miss Lewis got the pearl-handled, ready-shrunk razor case. For the way she hauled a silver-headed cane without betraying any suggestion of the amateur masculinist, Miss Sherman copped the Harveyized steel button-hook; and for her portrayal of the ogling, snickering "cuddled vamp," in short skirts and white stockings, Miss Maxwell entitled herself to the Morocco-bound nail file. Miss Boatwright carried off the hand-engraved kitchen poker for her simulation of a middle-aged back-fence gossip. Honors seem to be evenly divided in this respect, except that the whole show is the inspiration and creation of Mrs. Ragna. Refreshments were served with the liberal aid of Mrs. Kent and Miss Mabel Hall.

MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87, N. F. S. D.

New York's newest organization of the Deaf, Manhattan Division, No. 87 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, held its preliminary meeting for purposes of organization on Tuesday evening January 10th, at the meeting place they have secured, Savings Hall, 229 Lenox Avenue, right near 125th Street, which brings it to about the center of population for all New Yorkers, down town, up town, Harlem, Bronx and Washington Heights, and the Public Installation will be held there on Wednesday evening, January 18th, at 8 15, when all Frats from everywhere, their lady friends, as well as gentlemen friends, whether members of the organization or not, are invited to be present. The ranking officer of the N. F. S. D. hereabouts, who would ordinarily be in charge, is Grand Vice-President A. L. Pach, but Mr. Pach gives way to Grand Secretary F. P. Gibson, whose tour South-west, South, and East, will close with this affair. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson have visited many cities on this tour and have been heaped with

honors and kindnesses, and the two months trip has not been without its strain, and it affords them very much pleasure to be guests in New York just prior to heading for home. While here they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann, of 157 West 105th Street.

The JOURNAL will give a complete list of the officers and charter members, who number 41, all having been transferred from Brooklyn Division. While members of the new Manhattan Division actually, they will, in spirit, continue with No. 23, co-operating to make that Division's Annual Ball on February 4th the usual great success, and all have tickets to dispose of for that affair.

On December 29th, 1921, at Savings Hall, which is located at 229 Lenox Avenue, N. Y., there was a marriage. Mr. Harry Metzner, whose parents are both deaf mutes, to Miss Rose Storper, who can hear and talk. There was a gathering of about 300 people, which included about ten deaf couples, whose names are herewith: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. David Costuma, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Einsberg, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jacobs, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wasserman, and they had a great and glorious time. For dinner, we had the following:

MENU

Fruit Cocktail
Chicken Soup Noodle
Salted Almonds
Celery Olives Pickles
Fresh Kennebec Salmon Tartar Sauce
Parisian Potatoes
Fresh Beef Tongue Sauce Polonaise
Croquettes Surprise French Peas
Spring Chicken Long Island Duck
Lettuce and Tomato Salad Compot
French Pastry Fruits
Water Ices Bon Bous
Demi Tasse
Soft Drinks Mineral Water

H. A. D. NOTES.

Mr. Louis A. Cohen spoke on "How Sin Enters the Heart," at the Friday evening services on January 6th. This Friday, the 13th, Dr. Thomas F. Fox will be the speaker. Subject: "The Season of Amity." All welcome.

The business meeting of the H. A. D. last Sunday afternoon, January 8th, had quite a record attendance. The main "attraction" was nomination of officers. The following is the slate:

President, Harry J. Goldberg vs. Benj. Friedwald; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Anna Sweyd vs. Sam Goldstein; 2d Vice-President, Manie Kaminsky vs. Lester Hyams; Secretary, Miss Sallie Karten vs. Jack Seltzer; Treasurer, Wm. Krieger by acclamation. Election will be held in February.

A fine Motion Pictures Exhibit took place in the evening of same day.

N. A. D. NOTES.

Chairman Harry A. Gillen, of the Social Committee of the Greater New York Branch of the N. A. D., wishes to announce the success of the Gallaudet Dinner on December 10th last, was due greatly to the kindness of Mr. M. L. Kenner, President of the New York Branch. He presented to the Association 400 printed invitation tickets and 100 folder menus free of charge.

The kind action on his part will add about twenty dollars to the treasury of the New York Branch. A full report will be made out at the next meeting, which is expected some time during February.

Announcements about meeting and place will be made later.

Epiphany Day services were held at St. Ann's Church on Friday evening, January the sixth. The principal feature was a rendering of the old church song, "We three kings of the Orient are," by Messrs. Adolph Pfandler and John Funk, and Prof. W. G. Jones. The song was delivered in costume, to represent the Three Wise Men. A brilliant star of electric lights had been suspended in the dome above the altar and chancel, to fit in with the words of the three singers. Another conspicuous feature of the services was the first appearance in the choir of the Misses Ward and Woelker, of New Jersey, who delivered the most successful example of joint singing that has been witnessed in this church for a long while. The Rev. Mr. Kent made reference in his sermon to the late Dr. Chamberlain. As Dr. Chamberlain passed away last winter at the end of forty-nine years of service in St. Ann's, it was fitting that recognition be given of the fact that he missed the half century mark by only one year.

The fancy dress ball of the Clark Deaf-Mutes Athletic Association, to be held Saturday, January 14th, at the Floral Garden, northeast corner Broadway and 146th Street, will start the New Year's series of entertainments as one of the biggest and best. The hall itself has no equal in appointments in this city. Everything possible for comfort and enjoyment of patrons will be found there. The Clark boys have

a reputation as entertainers both on the Athletic field and in the ballroom. This time they have exerted themselves to set a record. A generous list of cash prizes will go to those the most original costumes. Remember it is not with the most beautiful, or the most comical, but the costumes that can show something new and strange. A big crowd is expected, and here's hoping every one who reads this will be "among those present."

An interesting wedding took place on January 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Weisman, at 208 Beach 85th Street, Rockaway Beach, when Joe Weisman and Miss Mollie Goldwasser of Kingston, N. Y., were married. An excellent reception followed the ceremony. The bride and groom are spending their honeymoon at Philadelphia with the groom's brother, a well known musician. They will make their home at the Concourse, New York City.

There is something new, and interesting too, in the latest form of Indoor Field Athletics and games, in the guild room of St. Ann's Church, on Saturday evening, January 21st. You will enjoy the affair to your heart's content, the writer is sure. The contestants will be girl only. The proceeds will go into the Building Fund.

Handsome and useful prizes will be given to the winners. Please come and convince yourself.

Miss Marion C. McCoy has joined the winter colony at Rockaway Park, as she resides in a cozy two family house on Washington Avenue, Rockaway Park. Miss Marion says it is not any colder there than it was at her former residence on Washington Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Fink announce the marriage of their daughter, Bessie, to Mr. Abraham M. Miller, on Monday, December 26th, 1921. They will be at home, 640 West 171st Street, after January 10th.

Miss Anna M. Klaus has been confined to her home with a mild case of tonsillitis, which made unhappy the days of the waning Christmastide. She is now fully recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Schultz spent the New Year week end at New Haven, Ct., and had a very enjoyable time.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On Saturday evening, December 31st, a number of the local deaf were gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Smaltz. They came at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler, who are at present living with the Smaltzes. The evening was spent in merry conversation, and Mrs. Fowler served refreshments. Thus was continued a custom of previous years, of having a number of mutual friends congregate at some one's residence, to watch for and welcome the incoming New Year. All went quietly until the stroke of twelve, when the whole company with enthusiasm made their full quota of noise.

Those who were present included Mrs. C. Orvis Dantzer, Miss May E. Stemple, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lipsett, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Gunkel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Yoder, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Yerkes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wisler, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pennell, Misses Kathryn and Florence March, Miss Estelle Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fowler and Mr. and Mrs. Warren M. Smaltz.

Regarding the meeting recently held in the interests of the Hebrew Deaf of Philadelphia, we quote the following account from *The Jewish Exponent*, which is self-explanatory:

"A large and enthusiastic meeting of Beth Israel Association of the Deaf was held on Thursday evening, December 15th, 1921, under the auspices of the Committee on the Deaf of the Council of Jewish Women and the Advisory Board, consisting of Judge Horace Stern, Mr. Ellis Gimbel, Dr. Louis Nusbaum, Mr. Leon J. Obermayer, Rabbi Dr. Marvin Nathan, and Messrs. Jacob Goldstein, Louis C. Lovett, William Klein and Alexander Hoffman, representing the Association. More than 150 of the deaf and their friends were present, all of the members of the Board present spoke.

Mrs. Sidney M. Stern presided and opened the meeting with a brief resume of the accomplishments of the Council, and the desire for more whole hearted co-operation, which had led to the formation of the new advisory committee.

All of the speakers paid tribute to Mrs. Stern for her unselfish devotion to the cause of the deaf and the wonderful results which she had achieved. Mr. Obermayer extended the greetings of the Young Men's Hebrew Association (Beth Israel) that they would have ample accommodation when the new Young Men's Hebrew Association building

is erected. Dr. Nusbaum referred to the classes conducted by the Board of Education for the benefit of the deaf initiated originally through the efforts of Mrs. Stern, and promised his further co-operation in the future. Rabbi Marvin Nathan traced the history of the Association of the Deaf from its inception fourteen years ago. Judge Stern pointed out the many advantages now open to the deaf, and told them that the capacity for happiness was not in the least curtailed by the loss of one sense. The deaf members of the committee heartily welcomed the interest shown by the hearing friends, and expressed their full appreciation of the efforts, past and present, which have been taken in their behalf at Beth Israel Temple. They promised their fullest co-operation in the future. After the meeting, refreshments were served.

Mrs. Jacob Olanoff interpreted the addresses in the sign language.

It may be noted by the above that the Hebrew deaf of Philadelphia will be accommodated by the Young Men's Hebrew Association, after the erection of its new building, funds for which have already been raised. Their present meeting place in Beth Israel Temple, though convenient of access, is perhaps not as desirable a community center as may be wished for. But our Hebrew fellow-deaf will always owe a great debt of gratitude to the Beth Israel people for the fostering care they bestowed upon them in the past. And lately, we commend them for looking at the latest developments for their advancement with open eyes and heart, and pledging their co-operation with efforts of hearing friends to promote their welfare.

One of the happiest persons, we met on Christmas Day, was Miss Edythe Z. Dunner, whose engagement to Mr. William E. Rothmund had been announced on the previous day. The numerous friends of the young lady, who had patiently and sympathetically awaited the announcement, at last seized the opportunity for an outburst of felicitations on the good news, which she blushing received with the best wishes of the season.

All weather experts, goose-bone and other would-be prophets, including weather reports in the newspapers, that predicted a white Christmas in this section, received a jar to find that a green Christmas prevailed and a beautiful day at that. The sled users were therefore the most disappointed lot in our community.

The Rev. C. O. Dantzer preached the Christmas sermon in All Souls' Church, and afterwards administered Holy Communion to a good-sized congregation.

Part of the floral offering in the church of All Souls' Church for the Deaf on Christmas Day, was contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Townley Monahan, in memory of the latter's sister, Lydia Heuber, who died on Christmas in 1920. The other decorations were by the members of the Church and consisted of flowers and holly wreaths, the latter being distributed on the four walls of the Church.

Mrs. Harry E. Stevens returned from a visit to her sister in Carlisle, Pa., a week before Christmas. The Clerc Literary Association will have its annual election of officers on January 5th. On the 12th inst., Mr. Lyman Stead, of the Mt. Airy School, will lead Current Events before the Association, and on the 19th, Mrs. Nancy Moore will give a reading before it.

On Tuesday evening, December 27th, a "movie" entertainment was provided in All Souls' Parish House under the auspices of the Ladies' Pastoral Aid Society. As on former occasions, Mr. William Anderson generously loaned the films and apparatus for this entertainment without charge, leaving us pay the operating expenses only. It seems needless to add that it was an enjoyable event.

Mr. Mark Dreisbach, of Allentown, Pa., was a visitor at All Souls' on New Year's Day.

Senor Esteban Pons gave talks about his native country, Porto Rico, before the Clerc Literary Association, on December 22d, and before the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf on the 25th ult.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer was not in condition to officiate at the service on New Year's Day.

Mr. Irby H. Marchman, of Atlanta, Ga., loomed up here to spend the holidays in company with his wife at their home. Other Christmas visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Meinken, of New York City, who were visiting their married son in this city; Mr. Duggan, formerly of Philadelphia but now of Wilkesbarre; Mr. Fred Waltz, of Trenton, N. J.; and Mr. Robert Young, of Sellersville, Pa.

We congratulate Mrs. Helen R. Wilson, whose older son, Mr. Valentine L., was presented with a girl baby on the morning of December 25th. Such a present comes to few persons on the great Christian holiday, and it seemed to give the grandmother peculiar joy.

Mrs. William L. Salter's father and little nephew are visiting her over the holidays. They came from Leipzig, Delaware.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

January 7, 1922.—There was a union of Ohio and Indiana last Sunday, when Miss Edith Armstrong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Armstrong, of Ansonia, and Raymond Landis, of Decatur, Ind., were married at the home of the bride.

Rev. P. I. Wolf, of Union City, Ind., performed the rite, assisted by Mrs. Clare Hencher, of Monroe, Ind., acting as interpreter. Congratulations followed upon the happy couple. Mr. Landis was educated in the Indiana School, and his bride was there also for a year or so, but later came to the Ohio School from which she graduated a year or two ago. We know the bride as a charming and graceful pupil, and extend to the union the best of wishes and happiness.

The mother of Mrs. Margaret Feine, Mrs. Margaret Morris, died at the home of her daughter, December 28th, 1921, from the infirmities of old age. She had but recently passed her ninety-fifth birthday. Mrs. Morris was born in Wales, and came to this country in 1846, with her parents, who first located at Girard, O. She was united in marriage November 6th, 1848, to Benjamin Morris, who died forty-three years ago. Eight children survive Mrs. Morris, five sons and three daughters, besides three brothers and two sisters.

One of the sons, Benjamin, is now Sheriff of Mahoning County. Two of the children, James Morris and Mrs. Feine, are deaf.

Mrs. Morris for the past eighteen years had made her home with the latter. She was a faithful member of the First Baptist Church, and took an active interest in its affairs, when her health permitted.

The funeral service was held at the Feine residence on the afternoon of December 30th, with Rev. Joseph Lloyd officiating. Burial was made in the Weathersfield Cemetery.

Columbus Division of the N. F. S. D. saw the old year go out, and new one enter, at Oddfellows Hall, Saturday evening, with a social as the feature. While the attendance was not up to former occasions, it lacked not, however, in entertainment and mirth. Prizes were handed over to the successful contestants during the evening. Elasco Burcham secured a basket of fine fruit, while the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Miller carried away a radio alarm clock. There will be no excuse hereafter, for him to be up in time for breakfast.

Mrs. Dennis Hannan, of Toledo, has been the guest for a week of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Neuner. Her mission down here is to look after the furnishing of a room at the Home for Deaf, by the Toledo Ladies' Aid Society.

Mrs. C. C. Neuner, who had been on a visit to her daughter in New York, arriving home Saturday last, feeling proud of being the grandmother of four children.

Last September, when Dr. Patterson withdrew as Principal of the School, because of the Pension Act, an attempt was made to secure a proper man for the place, but without success. So Superintendent Jones undertook to discharge the dual positions. He has found after three months trial that the work has been too onerous for his shoulders and physical condition, and as a relief has prevailed upon Mr. J. C. Winemiller to assist him in the work, under the title of Assistant Superintendent. As we understand it, Mr. Winemiller will continue to teach his class, the Fifth Intermediate, Manual, performing the other duties going with it, and when his class is out of school working at their trades, he will attend to the duties that devolve upon the principal when such office prevailed in the past. Mr. Jones thus refers to the change in the *Chronicle*:

OUR NEW ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT.

"Mr. John C. Winemiller, who came to us as a teacher last fall, having taught for many years in the Colorado School, has shown the true method of which he is made and commended himself to us for the position of assistant superintendent. He will continue to teach his class, but render the superintendent such aid and assistance in all departments of the institution as is necessary. It is quite an honor to any young man to be given this position, but it is also a great honor to the school that one of its former pupils is given it.

"Mr. Winemiller chose for his wife, Ernestine Fisch, who went through this school and through college with him. They have two fine children, a son and a daughter.

"We shall lean heavily upon Mr. Winemiller from now on, as he is strong both mentally and physically. His spirit is of the right sort and his work we are sure will be a great blessing to this school."

Mrs. Joseph Lieb had the families of her daughter from Indiana, and her son of this city, with her at Christmas for dinner as a family

reunion. Another daughter, residing in Oregon, could not be present to make the reunion complete.

Mr. and Mrs. August Beckert are spending the last week of their vacation at the home of the former in Piqua. A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

Governor Miller's Annual Message to the Legislature on January 4th, contained following extract:—

"The state now properly undertakes to provide for the education of the blind and deaf in special institutions established for that purpose, but by reason of a peculiar state of the law deaf children between 5 and 12 years of age can only be committed to such institutions as county charges by local poor law officials. Many officials are slow to impose charges on their counties. Moreover, it should not be necessary to class blind or deaf children as paupers to enable them to be educated and fitted for useful work as well as their misfortune permits. I recommend that that anomalous state of the law be corrected and that in the future admissions to such institutions for deaf, as well as blind, and under, as well as over 12 years of age, be made at State expense.

The following, taken from a Panama newspaper, will be of interest to Fanwood graduates of recent years.

DEAF-MUTE PLAYS FLUTE

"Dr. Benjamin F. de Castro, Panamanian deaf-mute musician and chiropractor, surprised the audience in the Ancon Clubhouse Tuesday night at the Community performance, by playing three solos on the flute.

"He learned to play the instrument while a student at the New York Institution for the Deaf, from which he is graduate and holds several gold medals. While in the institution he was a member of the band for the deaf and dumb.

"Yankee Doodle," "Swanee River," and "Onward Christian Soldiers," were the numbers he chose for the solos."

Last week Miss Allis M. Townsend, one of our teachers, while visiting her nephew in Flushing, L. I., was taken to the Country Club, of which Mr. Peters is a member. Miss Townsend was sporting a brand new pair of shoes, which unfortunately caused her downfall. She attempted to cross a newly highly polished waxed floor that had been prepared for dancing, and fell, sustaining injuries to her wrist, which at first was thought to be broken, but upon X-ray examination was found only to have been dislocated and is now getting along nicely. Our sincere sympathies are extended to Miss Townsend in her mishap.

Principal Gardner has just received a letter of New Year Greeting from Dr. Andres Hansen, who is head of the School for the Deaf at Nyborg, Denmark. Dr. Hansen has been a visitor at Fanwood at least twice in the past twenty years, and has adapted many of this school's excellences to the institution at Nyborg over which he has so long and successfully presided.

The printing classes expect to begin composition on the Annual Report next week. They do all the work on it every year, and it is distributed among people who learn of the accomplishments of the deaf in the "art preservative" through an inspection of the high-grade work it exemplifies.

Louis Fischer, of Urbana, Ohio, during the Christmas holidays accompanied his father to New York. On Thursday, January 5th, he visited Fanwood. He leaves for home in a day or two, and then for Columbus, to resume his studies. While at Fanwood, Cadet Adjutant Spellman showed him around.

Miss Lenore S. Clark reported for duty as head nurse on January 5th, to take the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Elizabeth Hegeman.

Miss Astrid Marcussen, a representative of the Norwegian Government, and connected with a School for the Deaf at Christiania, is visiting the Institution.

Mrs. Metzger, wife of the Institution Gardener, who has served here for over fifty years, died on Monday, January 2d.

Major Francis G. Laudon and General George R. Dyer, members of the Visiting Committee, were here on Tuesday, January 4th.

Mr. Wm. M. V. Hoffman, vice-president of the Board of Directors, was a visitor on the first day of the New Year.

In former times all tobacco confiscated by the English customs authorities was destroyed by burning in a furnace called the King's Pipe. Nowadays all such tobacco, as well as that which is returned as unusable for smoking, is sold to manufacturing chemists, who turn it into sheep dip, insecticides for the use of gardeners, and the like.

